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Chree Garlands



TO THE MEMORY

OF

HENRY M. CALMAR, S. J.

PRIEST,
ORATOR,
POET

SAN FRANCISCO

1904

aloysius D. Chamberlain.

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PREFACE

The following sonnets were written at the request of Reverend Father Calmar a few weeks before his last sermon. To finish this work has taken many months and I almost fear to let them be published, lest he, from the other world, should consider them carelessly done.

ALOYSIUS D. CHAMBERLAIN



Roses White





THE ANNUNCIATION.

The shadows creep across the moonlit street;
The breezes heavy with the breath of field
To heaven waft the incense flowers yield.
What wings are those whose whirring sounds so sweet?
The night-guards hush their talk and still their feet.
Lo, in a little room whose walls do shield,
A maid of wondrous beauty long has kneeled
In prayer. How fast her throbbing pulses beat,
As thro' the room there glows a sudden light!
She hears and gladly yields her will to God:
Gehenna howls—the fair maid's word that night,
Snatched from the fallen-one the cruel rod
With which He smote the hearts and minds of men.
Full well fiends howl, while seraphs chant "Amen."

THE VISITATION.

Why is the air so still the dew so bright;

The leaf scarce trembling on the gnarled tree?

What maid is that who, from all guile so free,

Wrapt in a mystic glory of soft light,

Passes the meadow, wood and stony height?

The high-priest opens wide his door to see

The Mother of his God, Queen of delight.

The maid pours forth her song "Magnificat."

Heart of my being hear and hearing weep

For sins of thine upon a bulrush mat,

Beside a foreign door in restless sleep,

This maid will moan as sleeping she shall hear,

The murmur 'round Golgatha, dread and drear.

THE NATIVITY.

Bright is the star that floats across the wold,
Waxing in luster as it nears a glen.
Over a dark scared rock it pauses, then
The tinkle and the chime of bells of gold,
Mingling with notes of horn o'er hills that cold
Has stript of verdure where some wretched men
Hud'ling around a fire harken, when
The message of the Angels first is told.
A maid, a child, a guardian true and bold;
Are these to storm the fortelace of sin?
And capture Satan in his dark stronghold?
Gleaming the star shines brightly; ne'r has been
A group a splendor so to move the soul,
Nor will there be as onward ages roll.

THE PRESENTATION.

The shadows flee before the dawn. A man Grizzled and white-haired, mounts the hills and goes Toward the temple. Whence he came who knows? Hark to the blast of Roman's horn; they scan The vale for friends and pass the traveler wan. The hills, the temple, reder, deeper glows With ruby blush and tints soft like the rose. Enters a man. His eyes prophetic span The years to come; and clasping in his arms The Child which Mary late has brought, Cries out: a sword will do her many harms: The babe by many will be shunned and sought. Would that we had such faith as Simeon's faith, Not like to ours transparent as a wraith.

THE FINDING IN THE TEMPLE.

O Mary, why thine eyes so full of tears?

Joseph, why hast thou such a haggard look?

The air is not so sweet, the lympid brook

Has lost its music; and their hearts with fears

Are much disturbed. Three nights they've drempt that spears

Of bandits pierced the Child they loved. A book Unrolled upon a seat, a noisy nook,

Surrounded by the learned he appears.

What joy, sharp as a pain shoots thro' their hearts? What peace this blessed sight to them imparts.

The wise ones raise their brows and all exclaim;

"What learning and what erudition He

Has shown to-day and we have spoke in vain.

What wisdom hath this Child and eyes that more than see."



Roses Crimson





THE AGONY.

The night is murky and the distant star

Struggles to pierce the gloom. A moan is heard,
The trees sway to and fro; a single word
"Thy will be done," and all is still. Afar
A torch goes past the gate; a Roman car
Rattles adown the road; no leaf is stirred.
The God-man drips with blood, he had not erred
In saying that he loved, and now in war
With powers of sin, he loves e'en to his death.
What light, what sound, is that which chills the blood?
Iscariot thy kiss, thy traitorous breath
Oft shall insult our God; for many a flood
—Long years beyond, when thou art mouldered dead—
Of base ingratitude shall man heap on His head.

THE SCOURGING.

The sharp strokes fall upon the quivering back.

The tears, the sweat, all mingled with the blood
Flow down His face and chest in one red flood.

Up the steep mountain, o'er the valley track,
Disciples flee nor pause, nor look they back,
Until they feel the earthquake of the rood.
Alone amid the soldiery, so good,
So meek, nor speaks reproof when blue and black
His arms, His ankles, and how throbs His head!
Alas, how oft my soul hast thou rained blows
Upon the One Who loved till He was dead.
Let crimson tinge thy cheek, which deeper grows,
Bespeak the grief, the shame of thine;
Let each salt tear a blood-red ruby shine.

THE CROWNING WITH THORNS.

Who is there here to plead for Him, the King;
Of whom the Prophets spoke the Psalmist sung?
Out on the street, the rabble's cries have stung
The heart of Claudia, and she during
The night has seen a strange and fearful thing.
The words, the insults to that Man has rung
Her soul until she pleads—the fair, the young,
The graceful kneels alone.—The guardsmen spring
Upon the Man, who humbly waits below.
They lead Him crowned with thorns above; they hear
The unjust sentence read. From row to row
A cry goes up, and Claudia drops a tear.
O Pilate, we have hearts more hard than thine,

Our Angel pleads, we bid him wait his time.

THE CARRYING OF THE CROSS.

Adown the street the sad procession goes

The Man, who blessed the son of men, in blood.

The rabble jeering fling both stones and mud.

His great Heart heaving in most bitter throes

Pushes the blood thro' wounds to tinge his clothes,

And make a regal coat. While Mockery's brood

Hail Him with scoffs, and do Him ill for good.

Has any one e'er heard or seen such woes?

Christus, we love and yet we hesitate

To grapple with the little sins, that prove

The coral reef which bars our harbor gate.

Although we boast and boasting, vow our love,

We all unconscious plait a thorny crown,

And hue a cross, and stolid hear Thee groan.

THE CRUCIFICTION.

The sullen sky looks down. The floating cloud
Crosses the dull red sun and o'er the hill,
Throws a long shadow omening nought but ill.
The rocky summit bleak, yet rearing proud
Its puny top above the vale, where loud
The clamor and the trumpets piercing shrill;
Riotous discords crash! where lately still
Winds whirled the eddying dust; where were a crowd,
Of such a kind had been. Here dies a man
All bruised and torn. Above a painful glare
And all Judea trembles. Lightenings span
The heavens. From out the tombs the spectars stare.
Such was the gratitude received from man,
Fathom your sin, O world, if e'er you can!



Golden Roses



THE RESURRECTION.

Why do the birds thus twitter; should they sing,
When earth and heaven mourn the sepulchre,
Of Him who was their hope and pride? Ah, where,
Are all the hopes of Israel's new King?
Madalene thro' the garden wandering,
[The sepulchre is open—He is not there;]
Tells to a man, she thinks the gardener,
Her Lord is gone.—Ah what a marvelous thing,
The sun, the sky have grown more golden; He
The gardener, blazes with a dazzling light;
She sees, she knows. It is the Lord, ah me,
Would that our darkened souls could see aright!
Believing oft depends upon a word—
Then would we cry, as Mary cried: "My Lord."

THE ASCENSION.

The heavens open and the end is nigh,

The Lord ascends: far up the azure dome
The bright light circles 'round His Father's home.
The griefs, the mockeries, are naught; the sky
Rings with the Angel's welcome and a sigh
Runs thro' the crowd of worshipers, alone,
Who feel so lonely now the Lord is gone.
And yet they know His presence still is nigh.
The chime, the song, is faintly echoing where,
The fishermen are kneeling wrapt in prayer.
They long—they hope—they seem each one amazed.
'Tis joy to see Him enter to His own,
And yet amid the splendor they are dazed,
Not quite accustomed to the wonders grown.

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Hark to the rush of waters, and the din
Of the wild wind, that bends the groaning tree;
And moans and rushes onward o'er the lea.
Around the Virgin Mother, free from sin,
The fishermen have gathered. Nor yet begin
To pray for very fear of the loud sea,
That in the upper air is roaring.—We
Were far less brave had we been there.—Within
Their hearts they feel there is protection near,
In Her who always to their wants was kind.
But see—but hear—as louder grows the wind;
Tongues of a living flame each head does wear.
Each timid man hath now a will of steel
To died for God, to burn with very zeal.

THE ASSUMPTION.

Sadly the Apostles go unto the grave
Where they have laid the One, Who in their woe
And Who amid afflictions, strove to show
Kindness to these disciples whom Christ gave
To her to watch; as she had watched in cave,
On desert and beside the Cross. And oh,
To think that she is dead, and they must go
To where she lies, for still does Thomas crave
A proof.—How like to us is he.—They ope
The tomb: oh wond'rous work of God! The soul,
Hath taken up the body; brightest hope—
That man has ever had when terrors roll
Upon him thick and fast—to be with God!
And his poor frame will rise from out the sod.

THE CORONATION.

Strike all the golden cords, and silver bells!

The Angels gather chanting 'round their Queen;

There are the loveliest praises sung I ween.

Ever anon the holy sound upwells

And e'en on earth the echo faintly swells.

Tinkle and chime and clang! The icy screen

That stolid,—stern from heaven to hell between,

Is made transparent and the fiendish yells

Are lost amid the song; as devils behold,

The Woman crowned who crushed their highest aim;

The Mother of their God; whom prophets told.

The music rises, now recedes the same

As liquid sounds that haunt the waterfall.

The Maid is crowned, the Queen of queens, o'er all.

YE END



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